And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the King.
*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.
*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
*Arch.* And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of al the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuales and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
*Sir M.* Doubt not my L. he ſhall be well oppos'd
*Arch.* I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighell, ſpeede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therfore make haſt I muſt go write againe
To other friendes & ſo farewell, ſir Mighell. *Exeunt.*
*Enter the King, Prince of wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,*
*Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falſtaffe.*
*King.* How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
*Prince* The Southerne wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
*King.* Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.
*The trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.*
*King.* How now, my Lord of Worceſter? tis not well.
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes,





As now we meete. You haue de
And made vs doffe our eaſie ro
To cruſh our old limbs in vngen
This is not well, my Lord, this is
What ſay you to it? will you ag
This churliſh knot of all abhor
And moue in that obedient or
Where you did giue a faire and
And be no more an exhal'd met
A prodigie of feare, and a porte
Of broched miſchiefe to the vn
*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be
To entertaine the lag end of my
With quiet houres. For I prote
I haue not ſought the day of th
*King.* You haue not ſought it
*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way
*Prin* Peace, chewet, peace.
*Wor.* It pleaſde your Maieſty
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and a
And yet I muſt remember you
We were the firſt and deareſt o
For you my ſtaffe of office did
In Richards time, & poſted day
To meet you on the way, and k
When yet you were in place, a
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortuna
It was my ſelfe, my brother an
That brought you home, and
The dangers of the time. You ſ
And you did ſweare that oth a
That you did nothing purpoſe
Nor claime no further, then yo
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome
To this, we ſwore our aide: bu
It raind down fortune ſhowrin
And ſuch a floud of greatnes fe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3